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MAKING ALLOWANCES.

Fond Mother: ARE YOU NOT SOMEWHAT ASTONISHED AT MY GIRL'S SINGING?

Professor: I MUST CONFESS I AM — BUT AT HER AGE ONE IS NATURALLY VENTURESOME.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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WITH the President back from his vacation, and established again with Mrs. Cleveland in the White House, it may be fairly considered that the summer playtime is over, and that not even the representatives of our most select families need blush to be found in the cities, and at work. The summer vacation is a great institution, and is growing. The multitude of them that go down to the sea in bathing clothes, and that go to the mountains in Knickerbockers and short coats, is yearly greater. Where they get the money to take them is a mystery, except to people who know the resources of the land, and the industry with which they are worked. The refreshment resulting from direct intercourse with nature at the mean rate of four dollars a day, should be especially apparent during the next three months in all the channels of human activity. The fall dudes should be peculiarly imposing in their attire, a lovelier hue should blush upon the damsel's cheeks, the doctors ought to make quicker cures, the lawyers should concentrate their arguments, and the editors should preach and teach and hold the mirror up to nature with freshened zeal and a keener perception of the true, the beautiful and the good.

EMINENT among those persons who already show increased activity in their vocations stands up Professor Wiggins, the Canadian weather prophet. With the autumnal ardor strong upon him, he seems to have determined to show himself a bold and resolute prognosticator. He announces tremendous terrestrial disturbances for the 29th of this month, so that before the present number of LIFE has reached all its readers they will know whether Mr. Wiggins is a reliable weather sharp or not. Earthquakes being in fashion at the South, he promises new and very active ones for New Orleans and the Gulf cities, the North being put off with mere gales and tidal waves. We would protest against such favoritism, were it not for the possibility thus held out that we may have a gale that will suit Lieutenant Henn, and enable the *Galatea* to demonstrate all her latent capacities.

THE sympathies of the public, particularly the young and blushing public, are due to the first class of cadets at West Point, who, because of some ebullition of youthful spirits, are sentenced to be deprived of all privileges until next July. Unless the heart of the President softens towards them, and part of their punishment is remitted, June will have no joys for them, and the maidens who, under happier circumstances, would have received the confidences of their young hearts, will have to console themselves with the buttons of military grubs farther off from the butterfly state. The suspension of courtships that is threatened, may mollify a sterner soul than that of the proud husband of Mrs. Cleveland. Of course the President will do something for them.

DENMARK seems to be the Ohio of Europe. Certainly the royal family of the modest kingdom come in for power and place with an adaptability as remarkable as that which used to be credited to the Buckeye statesmen. The most promising candidate for the throne left vacant by the abdication of Bulgarian Alexander, is Prince Waldemar, third son of the King of Denmark, husband of Amelie of Orleans, and brother of the King of Greece, the Czarina and the Princess of Wales. A remarkably adjustable young man is Waldemar, and the careers of the members of his father's family go far to prove that even in the waning industries of monarchical government the exemplary children of poor but honest parents may hope to succeed.

AS for Ohio, the latest indication of the propensity of her children to take the highest seat out from under someone else, is found in a rumor that has been enticed across the seas by an unscrupulous news agent. It concerns a predicted alliance between Albert Victor, prospective Prince of Wales, and the fair Miss Chamberlain, of Cleveland. However delicious the report may be as exemplifying the Ohio idea, it rests upon a foundation that cannot hold it up.

GOVERNOR HILL'S agricultural speeches do not do him justice. At a fair in the Western part of the State the other day, he expressed his sense of the inadequate leisure that the working people enjoyed. One or the other of two reforms he designated as due to them: Either their hours of labor should be limited to eight a day, or they should have the whole of Saturday to devote to recreation. Governor Hill must know that working men are too poor to afford the luxury of so much leisure, and that both of the proposed changes are impracticable. Not even the consideration that the sons of toil are voters can justify him in talking any such nonsense.

A STOCK EXCHANGE.

RING out your maddest, merriest peals,
 Oh, silver chimes of Grace!
 For through your aisles will shine to-day
 The glory of her face;
 And send forth from the organ loft
 A pean blithe and gay,
 For she, the belle of all the year,
 Will wedded be to-day.

Ring loud! That clear metallic sound
 Is music in her ear,
 'T is like the jingling of the gold
 That shall be hers this year!
 And yellow sun, shine bright to-day
 Above yon gray cloud crest,
 Look like a twenty-dollar piece
 If you would please her best.



And you, who failed to gain the prize
 That he has won to-day,
 Rail not at fate, and talk of death
 In this romantic way.
 If you had made the highest bid
 'T would be your wedding dawn,
 But now the auctioneer is through,
 "She's going, going, gone!"

Ernest De Lancy Pierson.

A FEW THINGS TO BE OBSERVED IN PLAYING THE GAME OF WHIST.

- I. ALWAYS look solemn.
- II. Allow no conversation within five hundred feet of the game.
- III. If playing at a club, hotel parlor or any public place, show clearly by your manner that you expect the other occupants of the room to withdraw.
- IV. Judge others by their knowledge of the game, as no other pastime requires so much memory, such close attention to established rules, so little originality and absolute silence as whist.
- V. Never forgive a partner's error.
- VI. Do not allow the fact that the solemnity of your appearance is out of all proportion to any amount of

intelligence that can possibly be brought upon the game to deter you from playing in the presence of others.

VII. Never forget that many of the greatest men in history were good enough in their own way, but knew nothing of whist, otherwise you may fail to realize the importance of your own accomplishments.

VIII. If, during the game, a child should drop anything, or raise its voice, it is best to shoot before the offense can be repeated.

IX. Should any ignorant person fail to realize the almost abnormal combination of talents required to play even an ordinary game of whist, teach him the game at once.

X. Always bear in mind that it is a "scientific" game, and far ahead of both chess and poker, which are merely games of chance. This may be hard work, but it will be a good mental exercise.



ODE TO OCT.

Y E month yclept
 " Beautiful Sept."
 Is nearly o'er.

Full soon the street
 Will be replete

With people for

The Traveler who on the ocean's been rocked,
 The Buds for next season who have to be frocked,
 The Clerk whose vacation is suddenly docked,
 And he, whose great-coat all the summer's been hocked

We do greet
 On the street

Every Oct.

GOVERNOR HILL is still traveling around the agricultural districts, and is pronounced by experts as a show second only to Barnum's.



THE EFFECT OF THE COLD SNAP ON A NEW JERSEY RESORT WHERE THERE ARE ABSOLUTELY NO MOSQUITOES.

THE Pope has issued a decree forbidding the cremation of Catholics.

His Holiness don't believe in running more than one *post mortem* furnace. If we could all be sure that he was equally efficacious in holding back fuel for the other and better known retort, what a corner on Christians the Vatican would have, to be sure.

TOBACCO chewing is so popular in Illinois, that a movement has been inaugurated to change the name of the Lake City to Chew-cago.

THE Providence *Journal* states that the Czar of Russia and the Emperor of Austria drink to each other's health by telegraph.

A too oft-repeated bumper of the electric fluid is liable to have a shocking effect on the system. The Emperors should be wary and not look on the telegraph wire when it is charged.

L IEUT. HENN is said to be a fine violinist, but the accomplishment that a man needs to make him a winner in yacht races is expertness on wind instruments.

G ERONIMO, General Crook and General Miles are collaborating on a set of Indian war papers for the *Century*.

M R. JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY has written an ill-tempered, discourteous letter to *Literary Life*, because *Literary Life* intimated that Mr. O'Reilly's pen would be serviceable at reduced rates.

Mr. Elder can afford to regard Mr. O'Reilly's letter with equanimity, and if he feels disposed he may in reply quote the late John Phoenix, who remarked to an enraged adversary, "Boyle On."

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINE.

SOME ADVICE.

THE youthful authors of to-day, whose steady complaint has been that the magazines have been so thoroughly loaded with MSS. that there is no chance for the budding intellect, may rejoice in the prospect afforded by the new *Scribner's Monthly*. This magazine has been started for the same purpose that a safety valve is placed on an engine: to let off the superfluous literary steam of young America. The sad fact that the agricultural and war interests have monopolized the pages of our leading magazines, has materially interfered with the literary aspirations of our youth, and it is hardly to be wondered at that Mr. Howells and Mr. Stedman should indulge in a few rounds on the subject of genius, and question whether there is any such thing after all.

The new magazine will soon settle this question as to genius—that is, it will if its accomplished editor is equal to his opportunities.

Let him steadfastly refuse to admit the war monopoly into his pages on pain of having the first number of his venture "rung up" by the inevitable chestnut gong.

Let him draw the line at "Home Acres" and "Lumps of Sugar," and the Grain Possibilities of Northern Arkansas, and give home questions a chance.

Let him eschew the primeval joke of the Editor's Drawer, dropping into his basket the while such delicate squibs as the "Bostonians" and verses of so airy a nature as will leave the reader in a state of blank despair after hours of constant search for a possible solution of a problematic meaning.

If *Scribner's Monthly* will take this well-meant advice, and will not adopt a cover that will be equally applicable to a map of the Bulgarian Troubles, we can congratulate its projectors on its assured success.

George W. Me.



BEGINNING EARLY.

She: OH, REGINALD! HOW HAPPY WE WILL BE WHEN MARRIED! AND TO THINK WE SHOULD MEET THIS SUMMER IN THIS QUIET PLACE—WE ARE QUITE ALONE!

He: Y-E-S, IT IS RATHER LONELY, YOU KNOW—IN FACT, I FIND IT AN AWFUL BORE!!

UNRECORDED SAYINGS OF GREAT MEN.

BARON DE HOLBACH, Helvetius and D'Alembert were dining one day at Madame Geoffrin's. "Voltaire est une tete-a-per-ruke," said De Holbach, as Helvetius stabbed a potato and made a sweep with his arm that jammed the Baron's wig over his eyes. "Voila une tete sans perruque," cried D'Alembert, pointing with his finger at De Holbach's bald head, whereat everybody laughed so, the dishes rattled on the table and plaster fell off the wall.

* * *

BOSWELL: Is slang ever justifiable?

JOHNSON: Yes, you dog. If a lady on entering a book-store, were to inquire for Merivale's History of Rome, and the clerk were to proffer her Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, she might with propriety exclaim: "What are you Gibbon us?"

* * *

ADDISON, seeing Pope one day being carried up into the air by a toy balloon he had purchased of a street vendor, shouted out to him that Lady Mary would become disenchanted could she see him wiggling his legs like a polywog in that ridiculous plight. Whereupon Pope, fearing the imperious beauty might appear on the scene, let go the string and, falling on the sage, made a sad wreck of his cocked hat. Steele, who was tippling in a coffee-house near by, and playing a game of crack-loo with Budgell for a pint of port, poked his head out of the door, and, with a sly wink at Addison, asked him if the impact of

* In consideration of the brilliancy of the *mot* the anachronism involved in the above will be overlooked.

Pope's heels against his head had done much harm to his wit? "Odd's Zooks!" replied Addison, picking up his hat, "I felt it no more than a rap of my lady's fan; but I fear poor Pope, who has soared higher than his wont, has fallen lame and bruised his wings, if, indeed, he is not quite done for from the force of the blow." At which Pope, as soon as he could catch his breath, piped out: "Don't be alarmed, Jo; your head is too soft for that."

H. V. S.

THE next time the New York Base Ball Nine starts on its Western tour, it should leave the Mascot home, and take a Guide to the game along.

PHILADELPHIA'S contribution to the Charleston sufferers is a noble one.

She gives up her claim to the title of Quaker City.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

BOSTON YOUNG LADY (*to Chicago young lady*): Young Mr. F. of your city, I understand, is a very fine interpreter at the piano?

CHICAGO YOUNG LADY: Oh yes, indeed. The manner in which Mr. F. manipulates the ivories is very much admired by the élite.

A MAN who is always losing his temper, never seems to have much trouble in finding it again.

MY HELPMATE.

SOME would, in headstrong haste to win
The maid they fancy — or her tin —
Propose at once, and never take
A thought if she can brew or bake,
If she can sew, split wood or spin.

Not so with me! I shall begin
By learning every "out" and "in";
Then I'll not marry, by mistake,
Some wooden-head.

Though "tone" and "culchaw" are no sin,
I much prefer my faith to pin
On one who toothsome things can make,
Boil chocolate, or broil a steak;
I leave the rest of them to win
Some wooden-head!

Frank Roe Batchelder.



THE VERSES OF ARLO BATES.

THE touches of fancy which Arlo Bates showed in his novel, "The Wheel of Fire," were often delicate and poetical. He cannot, therefore, be accused of presumption in publishing such a dainty volume of verses as "Berries of the Brier" (Roberts Bros.) His poetic fancy softly flashes in most of these poems, but it is not matched with any marked skill in rhythm. He chooses adjectives with fine discrimination, and his phrases are crisp, but the lines lack a certain swing and smoothness, which is the sweetest thing in song. The picturesque quality of his verse is well shown in the following:

"Upon the sea the pictured moon
Floats like a golden shell;
On the dark sky their mystic rune
The constellations spell."

* * *

THE note which he oftenest touches is one of sadness, but he is neither morbid nor despairing. His sorrow is of the affections, and not intellectual pessimism. When he touches on the philosophy of living, it is in a vigorous strain such as this:

"Life's energy or naught; let it have use,
Consume in deeds, not in mere prayers exhale!"

His love poems are not ardent, but faithful, constant, sincere. In them devotion takes the place of passion. He believes that:

"The lightest heart, whate'er its changes,
Until this fitful life be done,
Howe'er the fickle fancy ranges,
Is constant in its love to one."

We cannot quote at length from these poems, but would choose from them as best worthy of note, "A Sketch-book by the Sea," "Solitude," "A Woodland Tragedy," "In Thy Clear Eyes," and "One."

* * *

MISS LILLIAN WHITING has recently had the temerity to say of one of Mr. Edgar Fawcett's poems: "It has grasped the deepest, the sublimest truth of science, and embodied it in the purely poetic form. The poem is artistic; it is subtly spiritual and profound, and its imaginative beauty has a suggestion of the sublime in its infinite meaning. Mr. Fawcett has made of this poem, which is purely and grandly poetic, a link between science and poetry — a realized prophesy of a new school of poetic art."

This is so nearly in line with Mr. Fawcett's recent eulogy of himself in *Lippincott's*, that it might be suspected that "Lillian Whiting" was one of his numerous pen-names. However, we believe there is no doubt that Miss Whiting is really one of the noble body of Boston women-correspondents.

Mr. Fawcett must, therefore, be credited with at least one admirer who takes him at his own estimate of himself.

* * *

IN the very attractive dress of the "Riverside Pocket Series," there has been reissued a volume of P. Deming's "Adirondack Stories" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). There is a modest, pathetic quality in these stories which should gain for them a wider circle of readers. Among all our writers there is no one who has done, in an unpretentious way, such downright, honest work. His heart is in it, and he has felt the beauty of the great wilderness, and the sincerity and tragedy of the simple lives it has developed.

Droch.

• NEW BOOKS •

POCKET ATLAS OF THE WORLD. By John Bartholmew, F.R.G.S. With geographical and statistical notes. New York: G. P. Putman's Sons.
Berries of the Brier. By Arlo Bates. Boston: Roberts Brothers.
A Phantom Lover. A fantastic story. By Vernon Lee. Boston: Roberts Brothers.
Joe Wayring at Home. By Harry Castlemon. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

A SUFFICIENT REASON.

"MY dear children," said Deacon Bucrag, addressing the scholars, "can you tell me why you come to Sunday School?"

"Cause our Pas would wallop us if we didn't," promptly responded a small scholar.

COME to stay — the corset.

PARADOXICAL.

"DO you know, my dear," he said to his wife, "that there is something paradoxical about a mule?"

She replied he ought to know if anybody did and asked him why.

"Because, although he is by nature somewhat belligerent, yet he is always backward in deeds of violence."

OLD NEW YORK.

A HISTORY OF MANHATTAN ISLAND—DUTCH, ENGLISH, AMERICAN AND RESTORATION OF THE ENGLISH IN 1880.

CHAPTER XV.

KIEFT'S CHARACTER—DOMINIE BOGARDUS.



KIEFT, who was a thorough politician—a regular old Jeffersonian Democrat—perceived that the only air line to wealth lay through the cope of simplicity, and so simple and ignorant of constitutional government did he become that he announced that while each member of his legislative council had but a single vote, he, as Governor, was a licensed repeater, and in voting as to the constitutionality of his decision, he was sustained by a majority of two,

having cast seventeen votes in person in his own favor.

It will be easily understood from this that the Kieft Government was never defeated upon party questions, and in passing resolutions of thanks to, confidence in and appropriation for the Governor it was prolific.

A Secretary, to attend to his business, private and public, was maintained at the expense of the latter, and a man named Lupold, having made the highest bid from his official perquisites for the position, was appointed Sheriff.

Ex-Governor Van Twiller was earnestly besought to return at least the Gubernatorial lead pencil, and was promised a general amnesty for the public buildings, sub-treasury balance and cattle he had absorbed, if he would comply with this request. Kieft did not deem it advisable to hang his predecessor for his speculation, fearing to create a precedent which might become embarrassing to him at a later period. Van Twiller agreed to do as he was desired, after some months' parleying, during which time he, with his new-made Indian friends, made their historical raid upon the Dutch Reformed scalps, provided only that Kieft would grant him a pension of 10 per cent. of his profits.

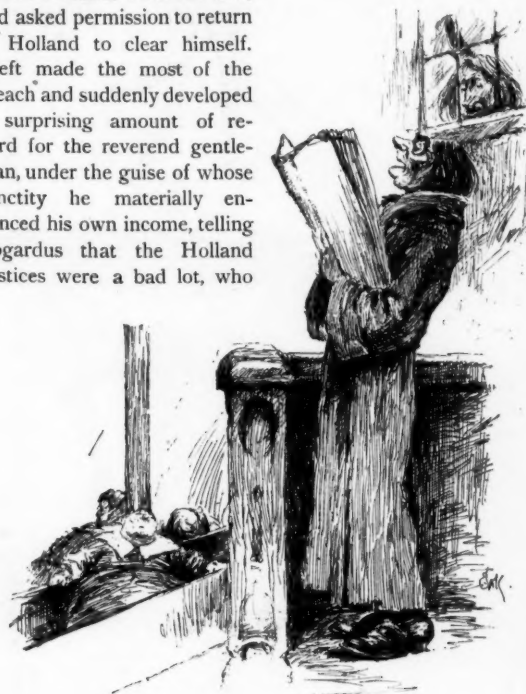
This Kieft promised, after negotiations with the Indians toward having Van Twiller found dead in the Public Highway had been abandoned.

That there was much corruption in the colony became at once clear to the Governor, and he issued a small pocket penal code, tending to break up "smuggling, cheating and vices of all kinds." Under these regulations no one was allowed to put buttons in the collection plate, nine o'clock was set as the bed hour, drinking to excess was interdicted

outside of the Governor's mansion, and no man could go to Jersey City without a ticket signed by the Governor and the Common Council. This ticket was never given to an applicant who would not first solemnly swear that he would not attempt to smuggle malaria, mud and mosquitos on his return. It will be observed that even then New Jersey was regarded with suspicion.

The people complained bitterly of these regulations, but, as it was an expensive luxury to malign the Governor, they took what satisfaction they could get out of abusing their pastor, Dominie Bogardus, a fellow passenger of Kieft's on the *Herring*.

The Dominie resented this, and asked permission to return to Holland to clear himself. Kieft made the most of the breach and suddenly developed a surprising amount of regard for the reverend gentleman, under the guise of whose sanctity he materially enhanced his own income, telling Bogardus that the Holland Justices were a bad lot, who

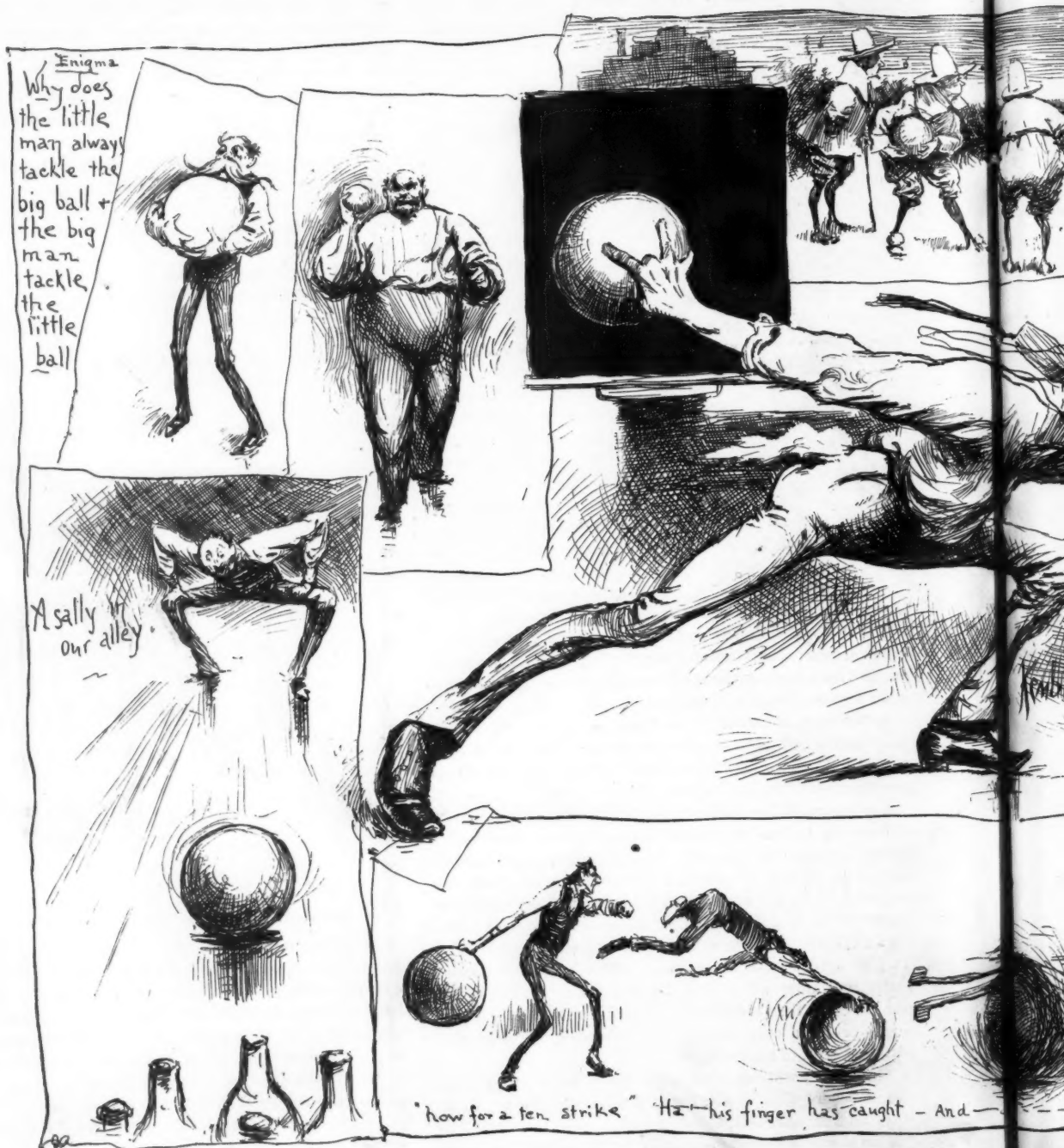


THE DOMINIE DREW LARGE CROWDS TO HEAR HIM.

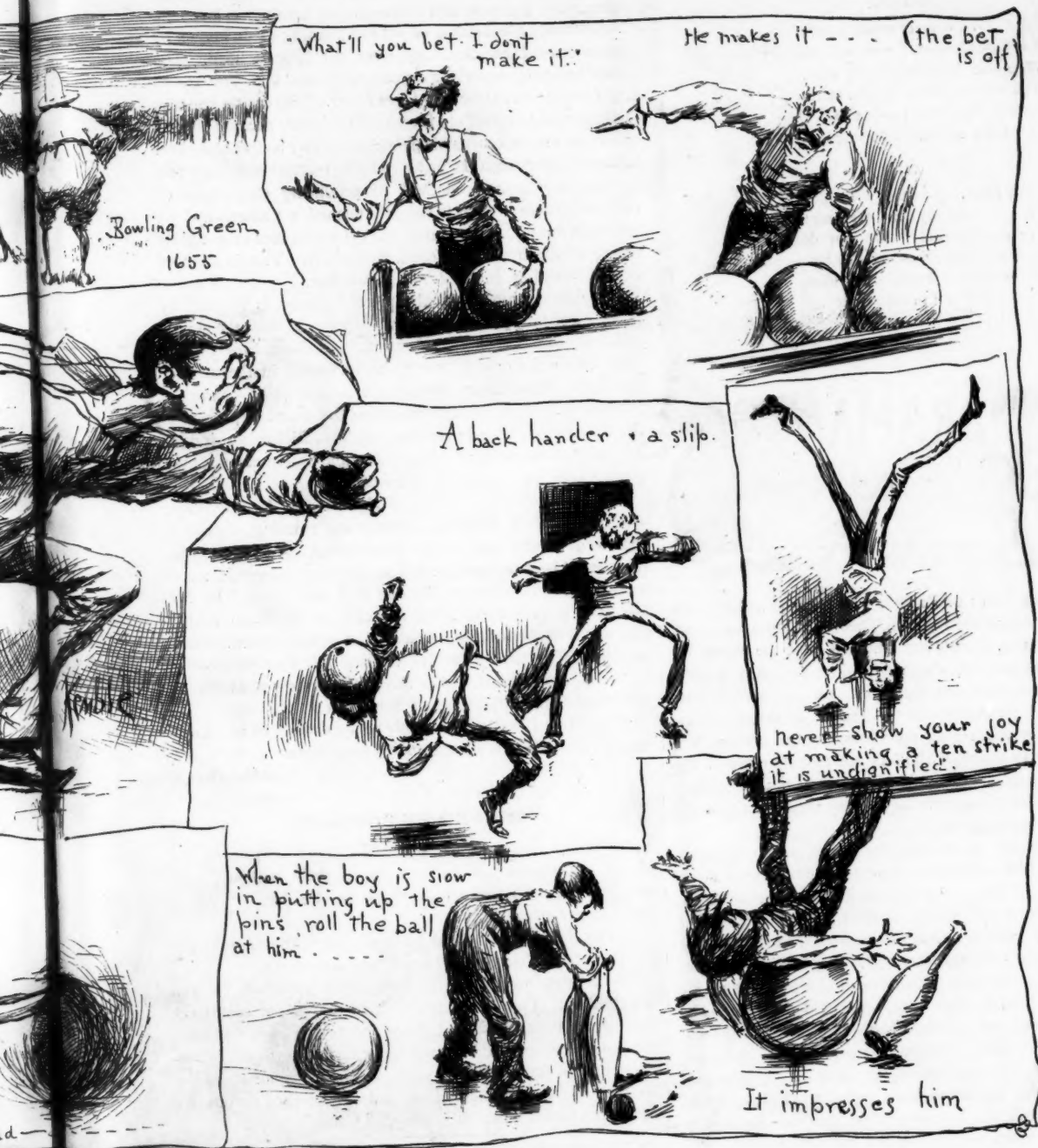
hanged all accused men on principle, and at a great saving of public moneys he appointed him Chaplain on his staff and advised him to marry, remain at home and live down the slanders. This Dominie Bogardus did most profitably, drawing the biggest crowds and largest collections ever before known in the parish, it being a peculiarity of mankind everywhere to take great satisfaction in listening to and being ministered unto by a clergyman who, for some unworthy act or suspected wrong-doing, is somewhat under a cloud.

THAT Apostle of Prohibition in Maine, Neal Dow, writes the *Tribune*, that some of the courts nullify the liquor laws by continuous and continual continuances.

It is sad to be assured of the really real reality of this state of things.



OPENING OF THE BOWL



TRES THERE.

BEFORE.

MY love, a lover never loved
 His love as I, my love, love you.
 How dear the little hat you wear,
 The knot of ribbon in your hair,
 And I adore with passion rare
 Each cunning little shoe.

AFTER.

MY dear, wife never was so dear
 As you, my dear, are dear to me;
 For marriage only proves how dear
 Your ribbons, shoes and gay head-gear
 Are to your husband, and I fear
 'Twill end in bankruptcy.

Henry Emerson.



"THE Main Line; or Rawson's Y," which has just been produced at the Lyceum Theatre, is a pleasant and innocuous little play, slightly soporific, but none the worse for that. It inspires you with the delightful feeling that you need not keep awake unless you like; that you can permit your ravaged intellect to wander in the realms of slumber, convinced that when you regain consciousness the heroine will be in a fair way to marry, if she has not already married the hero; the villain will have met his deserts, and the other characters disposed of themselves in the way their most devoted friends would have suggested.

I noticed that several first-nighters wore the protuberant shirt-front, which is calculated to permit of undetected slumber. As soon as *Possy Burroughs* had declared in Act I. that she would "be with daddy, whatever danger signals were ahead," and had told the gentleman dedicated to villainy that she would die rather than marry him, they said good night, and never awoke until they felt the need of a cigarette at the end of Act III. "The Main Line" was evidently written by some one who had been mentally saturated with railway technicalities. The authors, Messrs. Henry C. De Mille and Charles Barnard, call it an idyl of the railroad. If there can be anything idyllic connected with thoughts of dust, smoke and antique sandwiches, I venture to say that the majority of men have never discovered it. What traveler can feel idyllic when the probabilities are that at the next station, his loftiest and most ardent aspirations be met with nothing more responsive than hard-boiled eggs?

The action of "The Main Line" takes place at a little roadside station, extremely uncomfortable if you come to analyze it,

but very picturesque from a stagey point of view. *Possy Burroughs*, the pert and conventional heroine, is loved by *Jim Blakely*, who holds a sword in a manner made known by the deceased Damocles, Esq., over her father's head. The father has done something exceedingly awful and *Jim* knows it. *Lawrence Hatton* also loves *Possy*. There is no one else at the roadside station to love, and that may account for his otherwise incomprehensible penchant. *Possy* reciprocates *Mr. Hatton's* affections. In order to settle matters effectively and to introduce a new method of producing stage railroad collisions, there is what is vulgarly termed a "smash-up" on the Main Line. *Possy* manipulates the switches in a tightly fitting brown dress, and does it very nicely. That is all there is in "The Main Line," *parole d'honneur*.

The idyllic stupidity of the piece, however, is relieved by three excellent comedy parts, which raise it from the slough of inanity to the rank of toleration. As *Dora Van Tyne*, a lady said on the programmes to be interested in the stock of the road, Miss Lilian Richardson is extremely charming. Instead of conventionally vulgarizing the character, which is certainly susceptible of vulgarization, Miss Richardson invests it with great refinement. From the time she enters until the curtain falls, her personality is refreshing.

The other comedy part, that of *Zerrubbabel Puddychump*, assigned to F. F. Mackay, is extremely amusing, though it somewhat harshly satirizes the itinerant man of religion. As, however, it is at present the fashion for reverend gentlemen to inspire dramatic interest, no one will feel shocked by Mr. Mackay's impersonation. In any case, a shock in such a play as "The Main Line," would be an agreeable and comely incident. The third comedy part is *Little Prairie Flower*, by Miss Dora Stewart. Miss Stewart is excellent as the fat and flourishing housekeeper at Rawson's Y.

"The Main Line" will probably be a success. It is pellucid enough to satisfy the most exacting chaperone.

Alan Dale.

RUINED BY SUCCESS.

"THAT last story, 'The Red-Legged Pirate of the Darksome Mine,' has played sheol with us," said a delinquent publisher of boys' literature to a dun. "We've lost half our circulation by it."

"Why, I thought it had been a great success," said the creditor, "and that you had made heaps of money!"

"So it was," answered the long-faced publisher, "it was too thrilling. Two hundred and thirty-two of our customers have gone west to fight Indians and be cowboys, one hundred and seventy-five have run away and gone to sea to become pirates, forty-two have embarked as professional tramps, forty-one have killed each other, and one hundred and twelve are in jail for murder. It makes dull times."

THERE has recently been held in the Philadelphia papers a discussion as to whether there is a more beautiful city than Washington on the other side of Jordan.

We are not prepared to answer for Washington, but we will wager that the hereafter contains no hotter city than Philadelphia.



Charley: THE ONLY DRAWBACK TO ME IS MY NAME. HOE IS SUCH A BEASTLY ONE, YOU KNOW.
Miss Spade: BUT, CHARLEY, YOU OUGHT TO BE VERY HAPPY, SINCE A HOE CAN NEVER BE A RAKE.

LETTERS TO MY CURATE.

I.—THE SERMON.

DEAR C.:—I accept your frank invitation to give you such advice as my age may make helpful to you. I know the parish well, and much of what I say applies to it alone. Let me remind you at once that your function is not especially that of an educated, unemployed good fellow. I could pick out a number of such in the parish now. First, about your sermons. Some men are born with great talents and with marvelous ability to work rapidly and well. Be assured, however, that your random boasts about sermons written after twelve o'clock Saturday night will impose upon only the itching-to-be-married, of which there is a large and easily satisfied contingent in the parish. Besides this, many of the men see you Sunday only, and they may wonder what you do from Monday morning till Saturday at midnight. True, most other men are inaccurate when describing their own imposing and time-eating duties, but you must not be tempted by the subterfuges of the World and the Devil.

Remember always that there are some things you do not know. The habit of intellectual arrogance for an hour a week in the pulpit should not be allowed to grow upon you. Omniscience is no longer fashionable since the death of Carlyle. Do not "touch at length" upon the care and training of children. You are a bachelor and a moment's thought will prove to you the wisdom of this advice. Beware, too, how you indulge in the pulpit the license of a Talmage or a Collyer, and talk about yourself. Autobiography is not impressive at your age.

Do not attempt in any one sermon to tell all the professional and several branches of the industrial world what

their troubles and trials are, and just how to avoid them. There might be members of one or another of these present. If you have any respect for your profession, and any affection for me, do not tell funny stories in the pulpit. If you believe with Beecher that all your talents should be used in the service of the Lord, recall the fact that some of his have been out of place. If you have a streak of the low comedian in you, work it off at the wood-pile.

Do not try to get all the exercise you need during the delivery of your sermon. It is better to punch a sand-bag than the pulpit cushion, it is more strengthening to swing five-pound Indian clubs than to swing your fists. Above all things do not cry in the pulpit. It may be good for the women, but it plays the old Harry with the men.

WHAT HE HAD.

"WHAT'S the matter, Uncle Rastus?" he asked facetiously as the old man came limping in, "got the gout?"

"No, sah, Ise got de bill fo' dat whitewashin' what I did fo' yer las' yeah."

AN unmarried grocer, must of necessity be behind the times because he has to mate, to ketch up.

A LOSER.

TRAMP: Please help me, I am a Charleston sufferer.

OLD GENTLEMAN: Ah, indeed—a sufferer by that awful earthquake? What did you lose?

TRAMP: I lost a bet how many shocks there was.



EVEN AN OLD FISHERMAN CAN LEARN SOMETHING AT HIS BUSINESS.

Fisherman to Newsboy: I SAY, BOY, WHAT KIND O' FISH DO THEM GALS KETCH WITH THEM SCOOP NETS?

Newsboy: WHY, SUCKERS, OF COURSE.

EVERY-DAY RULES FOR EVERY-DAY PEOPLE.

I. — BARBERS.

I. "FIRST catch your hair."
II. Place him in the chair and manipulate the tiller wheel until he is screwed down into a position at once uncomfortable and barbarous.

III. Remark about the weather. In observing this rule it is well likewise to have observed the meteorological conditions. If it is blowing at the rate of 160 miles an hour, call your patient's attention to the fact that it is "windy to-day." This puts the patient at his ease at once, and displays a friendly intent on your part, which may be efficacious in extracting a "for drink," as the Frenchmen have it, at the close of the séance.

IV. If the patient wants a shave, lather him.

V. Having lathered the subject, rush to the hydrant and wash your hands.

VI. Lather the patient again.

VII. Seize your razor and sharpen it.

VIII. Rub patient's jaw for five minutes. This sends the soap inside the pores and produces a tranquillity of the flesh that even a fine tooth razor cannot disturb.

IX. More lather.

X. If the patient's pores are not thoroughly stuccoed with soap by this time, read your morning paper until the required stuccodity is attained.

XI. Seize your razor once more and flourish it three times on the strop, and then inquire if the patient is particularly tender in any particular spot.

XII. If he is, scrape that spot until the subject shows signs of dissolution, then soothe him with lather.

XIII. Scrape both jaws with the razor, and if musically inclined whistle in the patient's ear during the ceremony.

XIV. After he is entirely flayed ask if the razor hurts.

XV. If he says yes, continue the process until he swears that it does not hurt.

XVI. Inform patient that a little shampoo might not hurt him.

XVII. Soak his face with bay rum, putting an especially large quantity on all raw spots.

XVIII. Comb patient's hair on wrong side, scrape magnesia over his black tie, let a drop of lather fall on his boots, hand him his hat, give him the address of a convenient undertaker, and

XIX. Yell "NEXT!"

THE LAST RESORT.

SWEET Canada! Unto thy shores I fly
For rest and recreation;
Long Branch and Saratoga I pass by.
Far, far removed from style and fashion I
Will spend my long vacation.

Cape May and Old Point Comfort have for me
No longer their attraction;
No more in Hudson landscapes do I see
The finest in the world, and unto thee
I humbly make retraction.

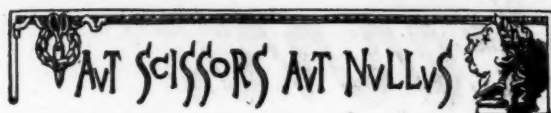
From trouble, toil, and strife they say I'll find
Thy breezes disinfectives;
I turn all thoughts of business from my mind,
I skip to thee and leave all cares behind,
Also U. S. detectives.

Loved Canada! Ensconced in thy cool clime,
With thee for my protector,
I'll spend in sweet security my time.
Some shekels, too, I think I'll spend, for I'm
A defunct bank director.

THE rumor that the Western Union Telegraph Company has purchased the Fifth avenue reservoir with a view to further water stock is not credited.



THE WIDOW'S MITE.



A FAIR START, ANYHOW.

"MR. CHAIRMAN," said a member of the Committee on Resolutions, "your committee has made a good beginning on a platform, but finds itself unable to proceed without the voice of the convention."

CHAIRMAN: Will the gentleman please read such of the proposed platform as the committee has been able to complete unaided?

COMMITTEEMAN: Yes, sir (*Reads*) "We, the people, view with alarm—" That is as far as the committee has proceeded.— *The Chicago News*.

HOW THE OLD TAR FELT.

STRANGER: You say you have been shipwrecked four times?

SAILOR: Aye, aye, me hearty.

STRANGER: And what are your sensations when the wild waves break over you and you feel yourself sinking under the water?

SAILOR: Damp.— *Texas Siftings*.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

"DID you pass the civil service examination?"

"I don't know yet, but I got the right answers to some questions."

"Which ones were those?"

"I answered all right when they asked me what my name was and what State I was born in."— *Ex*.

"DEAREST, I love you. Fly with me," said a base-ball player to his best girl. "I would," said the fair one, "only it would never be a success." "Why not?" "Well, you know you are always caught on the fly, and—" But he rang the gong, and fled.— *New York Sun*.

WELL-FOUNDED DISAPPROBATION.

A BAPTIST minister in Sheffield was speaking of a certain young man living in the place.

"No," said the divine, "I don't like him. He is a low, worthless fellow, and I don't want anything to do with him under any circumstances."

"My dear," interposed his wife, "it isn't right to talk that way about any one. The boy is young yet and may reform."

"No, he never will."

"But you mustn't be so severe on him; if you would try you might possibly help him to be something better."

"I shall never try. If he should come into my church, I would consider it my duty to order him out."

"Don't talk that way! What has he done to cause you to have such unchristian feelings against him?"

"What has he done? Well, he's done enough. He's got a trick of making a noise like two dogs fighting, and for the last two Sabbaths he's got under one of the church windows and run out the whole congregation. I tell you it would make you have unchristian feelings to look up from a long prayer and see your congregation falling over one another in getting out the door, and hear the leading deacon shouting that he'll bet two-pound-ten on either dog!"— *London Sunday Chronicle*.

"I REGRET to say that Mademoiselle Fayette eez a leetle horse zis evening," explained a French manager to an English-speaking audience, who had assembled to hear a prima donna sing.

"Trot her out, then, if she's a little horse," bellowed an urchin whose feet hung over the railing on the gods' gallery.— *Carl Pretzel's Weekly*.

LIEUTENANT HENN's next challenge ought to be made on the bicycle plan of seeing how much time can be consumed in going a given distance.— *Columbus Dispatch*.

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IN THE RESTAURANT: *Garcon*, are you sure that this fish is fresh? Ah, monsieur, of that it is impossible for me to say. I have only been in the place a week.— *French Wit*.

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Novelties certain to
please are now to be seen
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Jackets, Coats, Gowns,
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the Drive, House or
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RIDING HABITS MADE OF FAULTLESS FIT.

PRIESTLEY'S NEW SILK WARP FABRICS.

Among the new materials especially commended is the *Clairette*, also shown with a border for veils. This soft, dainty fabric seems impervious to hardship, and while light in weight, is sufficiently black to be assumed even in deep mourning. Convent cloth will be much worn in the early spring. *Gypsy Cloth* is an etamine fine and artistic in draping, while firm in texture. This *Pansy* is a soft twill, fine and beautiful, and will undoubtedly prove a favorite.— *Delineator*.

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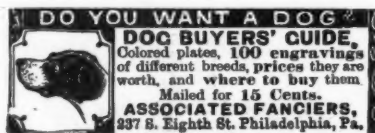
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HE stood under the window and sang, "How Can I Leave Thee?" But he did leave, and so suddenly that the dog went back of the house and wept.—*Ex.*

"EXCUSE me, dearest," he said, disentangling himself. Then he stalked to the edge of the veranda, and fiercely demanded: "Boy, what are you lurking about the front gate for at this time o' night?" "Mornin' papers, sir?"—*New York Sun.*

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So they put a "Watch" on us, every one.
Three little maids from school.
Three little maids so quick and "wary,"
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That is why they picked out the "Waterbury."
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But now we are all "real nice," you know,
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And three little maids would be all astray,
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